



EDITED BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

"WE ALL" (continued) By Octave Thanet
 "LIER" By Tom P. Morgan
 "HOW TO FORM A MILITARY COMPANY" By Capt. Charles King

AWARD OF PRIZES.

Sunday Globe readers who wrote good things for the Youth's Department.

SERIAL STORIES.

First Prize of \$800 to Flora Haines Loughead of San Francisco, California, for Story entitled "An Abandoned Claim."

SHORT STORIES.

First Prize of \$100, for Story of Adventure, to Emma W. Demeritt of New Canaan, Conn., for "The Spires of St. Stephens."

Second Prize of \$50, for story of Adventure, to Caroline M. Kirkland of Chicago, Ill., for "Drusilla's Hospitality."

First Prize of \$100, for Story especially for Girls, to Marjorie Richardson of Dorchester, Mass., for "A Revolutionary Lass."

ARTICLES.

First Prize of \$100, for best article on Household Games, to J. Macdonald Oxley of Ottawa, Canada.

POEMS.

First Prize of \$50, to Homer Greene of Honesdale, Penn., for "De Quincy's Death."

Second Prize of \$25, to Elbridge S. Brooks of Boston, Mass., for "The Boy's Crusade."

BEST LIST OF TWENTY SUBJECTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Prize of \$100, to Charles F. Lumis of Isleta, New Mexico.

In several classes of articles and stories for which prizes were offered no manuscripts were received that were up to the standard of the Department, and it was, therefore, impossible to award prize in those classes.

The successful Stories, Articles and Poems will appear from time to time in this paper.

The Prize Serial, "An Abandoned Claim," commences publication June 8, upon the conclusion of "We All."

WE ALL

Octave Thanet's Story of Youthful Life and Adventure in Arkansas.

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CHAPTER I.

THE BOYS SEE SOME GHOSTS.

HIS was not a reassuring speech Cecil's heart sank; but his spirits rose again at Ally's next words, uttered as he peered sharply about him in the dusk: "There ought to be some signs of the path to the store. Yes, I see it."

"A store!" Cecil exclaimed, joyfully.

"Only a ruined store, and plumb full of bats!"

"Can you find the way? Is the road plain?"

"There isn't any road, now, and the trees have grown up so you can't hardly find where it was. It was a road before the war."

"Then I should say we better go to the store, and stay all night. We can build a fire, and have something to eat."

Ally had dismounted, and was leading Kaesius; he stood still, kicking the loose clouds of earth with his foot.

"Surely you don't mind the ghosts," said Cis.

Instead of the denial that he expected his cousin answered very seriously: "Well, there is something queer about the place. But I'll tell you; and then if you say go, all right, I ain't any more afraid than anybody else."

"We might be walking along that way while it's dark," suggested Cecil.

"No," said Ally, "I don't guess you'll crave that way after I have told you; I just as well tell it here."

"We might be walking along that way while it's dark," suggested Cecil.

"Cis, I'll be honest with myself, I'm not through yet."

"Excuse me, I thought you had finished," said Cis, smiling at his cousin with his usual politeness.

"It isn't all talk about the ghosts," Ally continued. "Folks have seen these ghosts."

"I fancy they were darkies."

"The darkies," said Cis, "they are some."

"They're not bad men, and did a heap of murdering—" Ally explained the case—"so now they just naturally can't rest in their graves, 'cause they didn't have no graves. Col. Rutherford just let them lay where they were shot, and they are some here."

"Papa reckons it was safe," said Cis.

Secretly, Cecil determined that he would go to the store if only to show Ally that he was not so easily scared; but he sat down politely while Ally turned the horses.

Then, seating himself beside Cecil, resting his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hands, Alton told the story of his haunted store.

It was a cross roads store during war times, and some guerrillas had been captured and shot in front of the door. Their ghosts it was that made the spot terrible.

"They were mighty bad men and did a heap of murdering—" Ally explained the case—"so now they just naturally can't rest in their graves, 'cause they didn't have no graves. Col. Rutherford just let them lay where they were shot, and they are some here."

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"Others are affected by what I am, and say, and do. And these others have also their sphere of influence. So that a single act of mine may spread in widening circles through a nation, of humanity."—W. E. Channing.

THE PATERNAL MANIA.

A most extraordinary fanaticism seems to be gaining headway in this nation. It is born of that wild conception of our institutions which assumes that the national treasury is the universal feeder of all manner of schemes and the fountain from which all manner of private relief should be supplied.

Last week Senator Butler of South Carolina, in the name of nine colored citizens of that State and their families, asked Congress to appropriate \$7200 to send them to Liberia. As every other colored family in the South has the same right to call upon Congress for a similar free ride, this gratuity, if passed around to all comers, might possibly cost the government some \$500,000,000.

On the same day that the above petition was offered, Senator COCKRELL of Missouri wanted the government to lend the farmers of the West, who are struggling under mortgages, a sum nearly three times as large as the whole national debt, provided all the mortgaged farmers should take advantage of it, at 1 per cent. interest, for 20 years.

Labor organizations have their root in the communistic idea, and of these I may speak in a future number.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

SAYS: "Your judgment shall be subordinate to our opinion as to what is just to give your children and beneficial to the public." If we analyze a government in its powers, and find the sources of its authority, the end is always the same: The security of rights and their enjoyment in peace are attained by the abandonment or the surrender of some privilege that one might possess if he were outside the domain of organized society.

Organized power is the essential feature of communism as it is exhibited in governments. Other forms of the development of the communistic idea may be found in business corporations of every sort, in syndicates in trusts, and in all the many organizations that the laboring people have devised for their protection. Under the insurance system, the life that lasts a hundred years pays a constant tribute for the support of the family of a co-insured who died at 30. The owner of a dwelling that has escaped the perils of a fire for half a century, has, through all that period of time, made compensation to every loser in the association to which he belongs. Thus by sharing each other's burdens all lose something, but no one loses all.

Railway and manufacturing corporations have their origin in the communistic idea. They many contribute to the fund, the many have a voice in the selection of those who are to rule, but at the end, as in civil governments, the right to act and the power to act are vested in a limited number. By this form of organization the chances are distributed. No one can gain everything, and none will be compelled to bear the total loss in case of error or disaster.

In civil governments and in business corporations the concentration of the exercise of power in the hands of a selected number is an incident of their existence, and it seems to be the mainspring of success. It is worthy of notice that while governments control everybody in some things they never undertake to control anybody in everything, and all business organizations are limited in the scope of their authority.

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HAVE YOU RENEWED?

No reader of books and magazines can afford to miss a single issue of THE WEEKLY GLOBE, because it supplies them with the quality of reading matter of books and magazines. It is the only dollar paper of the kind in the United States. It will not cost you as much as a dollar if you subscribe for your favorite magazine in connection with it, or if you select one of its premiums, or if you join a club.

LOUISIANA'S BRAVE GOVERNOR.

The situation in Louisiana regarding the attitude of Gov. NICHOLS towards the lottery colossus is one of the most remarkable pictures ever held up before the American public.

The moral and political status of this giant concern as it influences social life in this country has been fully exposed by the press. Other concerns incorporated by State Legislatures may, in the strict moral sense, be devices for speculative gambling, but they sell under legitimate colors and enjoy the benefit of the doubt as regards legality.

But an open lottery is an admitted game of chance, with no collateral purpose to make it anything but pure gambling.

Such is the great Louisiana scheme, which has grown so rich and powerful that its roots ramify into the very sources of law and politics. When confronted by the danger of losing its charter, the company makes no pretense of justifying its existence on moral or social grounds. It boldly proposes to bribe the Legislature and voters of Louisiana by such offers as these:

For the public schools, \$500,000 a year.

For the drainage of New Orleans, \$100,000.

For the improvement of New Orleans and Shreveport, \$100,000.

For the insane asylum at Jackson, \$75,000.

For the deaf and dumb asylum at Baton Rouge, \$25,000.

The people of the South, in spite of their reputation for lynching, duelling and the liberal use of deadly weapons, are said to be greater devotees of piety than average New England populations. It is probably upon this integral sentiment of morality among the masses that Gov. NICHOLS relies in his bold defiance of the lottery managers and the people's money for the sake of keeping down the surplus. The colored men of the South and the farmers and unemployed workingmen of the far West have evidently got the notion that the government has come to be a sort of great gift enterprise, and they are all scrambling to get in their claims early.

The sure stopper for all this kind of business is the simple inability of the government to grant these petitions, even if it wanted to. Here is the estimate of the New York Sun of what merely three of the petitions we have cited would cost the nation if carried out fully and impartially:

For the colored emigrants to Liberia, \$650,000,000.

For the farmers' loans at 1 per cent, \$4,000,000,000.

For the support of the industrial army, \$200,000,000.

Total, \$5,250,000,000.

When to this is added the pension grants, shipping subsidies, export bounties, and other bonanzas yet to be hatched in fertile brains, it amounts to a burlesque of sober government, well calculated to strengthen the current report that insanity is alarming on the increase in these United States.

J. O. GRAHAM.

THE SPREAD OF THE COMMUNISTIC IDEA.

There are indications that communistic ideas are spreading, and that they are accepted by classes of people of no small share of influence. Of the future no one can speak with certainty, but it is beyond controversy that there has been a considerable and a constantly increasing application of communistic ideas in business and government during the present century. Speaking generally, communistic schemes and plans have their origin in a disposition to help the weak and to restrain the power of the strong.

Governments, by whatever name they may be called, are only great communes, whose duty it is to restrain the vicious, protect the weak, and limit the use and the abuse of power by the strong. They exist upon the theory that through the exercise of combined power there may be a nearer approach to an equality of condition than could otherwise be secured. In all governments provision is made, or in some past time provision has been made, for deposit of authority in the hands of a few persons, either permanently or for limited periods. It may be asserted as a general fact that there is some loss of powers or privileges on the part of the many as an incident of the authority vested in the few.

It is a matter of notoriety that sailors in the navy are treated almost like convicts. The pay the government allows them is meager. They are subjected to a discipline which for rigor might beat a State prison. They are expected to bow low before their official superiors, even when not on duty, and the first word uttered in any other tone than that of cringing humbleness is punished by loss of food, or loss of liberty, or by blows. This is the rule. It may have exceptions. In the case of Commander McCalla a sailor was severely punished for smiling when reprimanded by the captain. "Discipline" like this is as demoralizing to the officers who inflict it as to the sailors who are the victims of it.

This aristocratic and autocratic organization of the navy does not belong to this age of the world, nor to this republic, whose first principle is that all men are created equal. It might do for Russia, but it is out of place in America. Self-respect and the democratic feeling of equality will not allow the average American to enter a service so conducted. Hence the navy is filled with aliens. American citizens have no liking for being treated like brutes for beggary wages.

With much show of reason it may be claimed as a natural right that a man may exercise his own judgment as to the education of his children; but the community

has the right to demand that the sailor's lot a happier one. When this is

said it will not be necessary to have laws restricting the number of foreigners that may be employed in the navy.

MANSIONS FOR HORSES.

New York Sunday World contained a two-column descriptive account of the \$700,000 barn which is nearly completed for D. EDGAR CROUSE, a bachelor millionaire of Syracuse.

The appointments and finishings of this horse mansion seem almost fabulous in their richness. The rarest imported woods, the most costly tapestries, and the most elegant toilet fixtures and carvings enter into its construction. There are but few palaces in Europe that could compare with it.

It is not pleasant to spoil such a beautiful picture by turning to others of a sadder character. Nor would it be fair to say that all this luxury is expended for the comfort of horses and cattle. On the contrary its intent is to furnish a social resort for lovers of horses and fine breeds of stock.

All this is very creditable in its way to one who loves the noble horse, and takes pride in the development of fine types of other animals. But when it is remembered that thousands of poor human beings in New York city and other large centres are compelled to sleep nightly in dens which would be shunned by dogs, and many of them from no fault save unavoidable poverty, the rosewood-finished stalls, the gilded chandeliers, and the elegantly designed mangers for these horses call up strange reflections.

For aught we know, millionaire CROUSE had already done his duty to his fellow-men in the way of sanitary and comfortable tenements for the poor. It is said that he intends to donate this pianoforte horse mansion to the city for a public library when he is through with it. But, speaking generally, the thousands of elegant barns for horses and cattle, in contrast with the thousands of death-dealing dens for the abode of human beings, is rather a painful picture.

THE FAIR THEOSOPHIST.

[Ball Mall Gazette.]
She cares not for the world's things
That entertain the rest of us;
She scorns the base, the wings,
Far above the best of us,
She smiles, but yet declines to mix,
With different apology.

In mothers' meetings, politics,
Lawn tennis, or theology.

Cloquante, self-possessed, and cool,
Though curates come soliciting.
She will not teach the Sunday school,
Nor church services, nor visiting.
Our church ladies set no store,
Nor thinks our hilarity.

By singing "Ask a policeman!" for
The sacred cause of charity,
So elevated in mind,
This life is too rough for her,
And orthodoxy cannot find
A heaven good enough for her.

She has a white silk shirt,
gathered and with full sleeves, with a square plastron and a sort of high bodice girdle of light blue and white striped wash silk, with a mere trace of dark blue braiding about the edges.

A tennis gown is the subject of the next sketch.

SHOOTING A DOG.

Please tell me if I have a legal right to shoot a dog trespassing on my grounds after notifying the owner to keep him off?

R. F. M.

You must make, within 48 hours after the dog has been on your land, oath before a justice of the peace, that you consider the dog dangerous and have copy served on the owner. If the owner does not then kill the dog at home you may kill him the next time you find him on your premises.

COUSINS AND AUNTS.

Please inform me what relation my aunt's child is to me? Also to my child? Also what relation my aunt's grandchildren are to me and my child? What can be done lawfully to a party who owes a tax of \$6.60 for 1888 and has nothing to pay it?

E. P.

Your aunt's child is your cousin and your child's second cousin. Your aunt's grandchildren are your second cousins and third cousins to your children. He can be arrested and put in jail.

If you employed pedlers they would need licenses. If you wished to protect yourself from infringement you would need a patent.

THE LAST TIME.

If a man and wife, the man a citizen of the United States, are travelling through Europe and a son is born to them, is that son a citizen of the United States, or of the country in which he was born?

D. G. D.

This question has been answered at least once a month for the last three years and will not be given any further attention. The child would be a citizen of the United States by age of birth.

IF TROUSERS CAN BE MADE TO FIT I SHOULD PAY FOR THEM.

A and B are custom tailors: C orders a pair of trousers; D accepts order and delivers same at promised time; E returns them, saying they are not fit, when slight alteration will make them perfect. C allows A and B to do anything, even to make a new pair, without liability to pay for them. D can do C no harm, but C can do D no harm. Can C do D no harm?

Ought not C to be held liable for the payment of bill? How should A and B act to obtain payment?

J. S. B.

PREFERRED CLAIMS.

Does a promissory note given for merchandise bought and used in a business by a business firm, and made payable to the order of and indented by an individual member of the firm, in case of after insolvency of said firm become a first or preferred claim on the real or personal property of said individual member? Is it necessary to record the note in the office of the recorder of deeds in the state capital in the business, to the examination of creditors in open accounts against such firm? SUBSCRIBER.

THE LAST TIME.

If a man dies without a will, leaving a widow and child 5 years old, can the widow be appointed administratrix? Can she sue for damages? Can she give bonds? Can she have the custody of her child? What can she hold of the property if the estate consists of \$3000 worth?

W. R.

Not a preferred claim in either case, but both estates are liable for entire debt; but of course can only be collected in full.

WIDOW'S RIGHTS.

If a man dies without a will, leaving a widow and child 5 years old, can the widow be appointed administratrix? Can she sue for damages? Can she give bonds? Can she have the custody of her child? What can she hold of the property if the estate consists of \$3000 worth?

W. R.

MUST PAY.

A man purchases a Bible on the instalment plan; pays \$4 at intervals. He refuses to pay any more, and will not pay up the balance. The seller may sue him for the balance on the note, and no written agreement made about storage and no promise to refund the monies, is the company obliged to put aside the conditions of the lease and pay back the money before they can get the goods? How will they recover their property?

C. F.

He is not entitled to storage and must either pay or give up goods. You can bring replevin suit or suit for conversion.

REMOVE THEM YOURSELF.

There is an apple tree growing in my neighbor's yard, whose large branches hang over the roof of my house. I want to cut them again and again, but the branches must be removed, but my request has not been complied with. A. B. A.

A MARRIED MAN'S MOODS.

Oh, when from out my doorway comes
The young girl of the Arts Students' League,
Who looks upon a man as a great mistake,

Until the hour of her approaching marriage,
She is the belle of the ball, and all the

photographs of Mary Anderson in the country,

in fact, are of Mary Anderson.

W. REDFERN.

WOMEN THAT MEN LIKE.

People who say that the masculine woman has the same effect on men as effeminate men have on women, reason with their brains clouded, says a woman writer. Men admire a man who stands straight, moves free, has a clear eye, healthy skin and is full of spirit. These very qualities are just as attractive in a woman as they are in a man.

Woman should render homage to Hercules, Samson, Cyclops and Goliath. Their efforts should be to grow robust, restless and gay.

W. REDFERN.

A GIRL'S QUEER FAD.

[The Epoch.]
Young girl of the Arts Students' League, who looks upon a man as a great mistake, until the hour of her approaching marriage, she is the belle of the ball, and all the photographs of Mary Anderson in the country, in fact, are of Mary Anderson.

W. REDFERN.

WILLING TO HELP HER OUT.

[Texas Citizen.]
Wife (sobbing)—Some day you'll find me lying at death's door, and then what will you do?

Husband (courteously)—My dear, have you ever known me to be so angelic as to allow a lady to open a door when I was present?

W. REDFERN.

WOMEN CUT.</



FAMOUS BLUE STOCKINGS.

Washington as a Literary Centre.

Mrs. Burnett's Methods and Spicy Kate Field's Workshop.

An Easy Assignment—for the Barber.

(Judge.)
Barber—Short cut, sir?

Stranger—No; I don't want any hair taken off.

Barber—Shave?

Stranger—No; my beard is just right today.

Barber—Shampoo?

Stranger—I know it.

Barber—all, what do you want?

Stranger—I have been detailed to write up the horrors of a barber shop for the Whirlwind.

and now you've got to do is to go ahead and talk.

Two Similes.

(West Shore.)

He—Old Moneybags gave his daughter \$100,000 for a wedding present.

She—Yes; a pretty gift.

IN AN EMPIRE.

Prince Littlecas-Mine. X left her here.

Grand Duke Lauckdusts—Ah! Worthy Americans millionaires!

Loved Babies.

(Detroit Free Press.)

"I think I will have to return the dog I bought of you," she said, as she called at the faun's the other morning.

"Oh, that's nothing. He probably took the child another dog." He will outrun that if you give him time.

Willing to Say Something, but Not Saw Wood.

(Harper's Weekly.)

Old lady—is there anything you can do and the hand of God? I give you my word.

Tragedy married—See, leave on Wayner, an' me fren' here kin give practical illustrations on der pianin'forty, of you've got one.

Like a Newspaper Reporter.

(Texas Sifters.)

Father—When was I a boy I was a very different fellow from what you are. I went to bed at 11 o'clock and was up bright and early at 4.

Son—it's the other way with me. I go to bed bright and early at 4 and crawl out of bed at 11—or later.

Probably He Took It Internally.

(Lawrence Times.)

Managing editor—What's this, Mr. Scrooge? Ten dollars for a clarifying picture? You can't teach us the ladies bathing dresses—not to study natural history.

Report—I know it, sir; but had to get the imagination class to see the bathing dresses.

John Vindicated.

(Texas Sifters.)

"Our John is the greatest fellow to put off you ever saw."

"He proclamates, etc., etc."

"Oh, dear, I think John would do anything to be as that. He only puts everything off. That's the worst I ever heard anybody say about him."

His J-yolk.

(Lowell Mail.)

Mendicant—I'm out of work and looking for a job.

Farmer—What's your trade?

Mendicant—I'm a brick layer.

Landlady—Well, now, ain't that too bad? If you could only lay eggs I'd give you a job right off.

Ready to Die for Her.

(Times.)

"Do you love me as much as ever, dear?" asked Mrs. Gazzan, anxious.

"I should think I did," replied Gazzan.

"Didn't I eat two whole biscuits at breakfast that you made yourself?"

A Wagner Concert All the Time.

(Times.)

Greenman Barrett—Sick? Of course I'm sick. The doctor says I'm booked for an attack of pneumonia.

Reddy Cooker—Bacon, working too hard?

There are five babies in my boarding-house.

The Cloud's German Silver Linings.

(Chatter.)

"There's a nice thing about having two babies in the house," said Sleepless.

"What is that?"

"They each cry so loud you can't hear the other."

Beware of Widows.

(Munsey's Weekly.)

Mrs. Baskey—What the matter, Henry? You look disgusted.

Baskey—Why, I gave a poor widow \$10 in the sky to buy coal, and she didn't tell me about it.

A Honeymoon That Was Real Silver.

(Lowell Citizen.)

Philosopher—I'm marriage a failure, do you know?

Merchant—On the contrary, I have known marriage to prevent a failure. A friend of mine wedded an heiress, and she saved him from insolvency.

Further Evidence of Solomon's Wisdom.

(Puck.)

Mamie, Sternly—Don't you know that the great King Solomon said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child?"

Bother—How can he not say that until he was grown up?

Child and Fever.

(Lowell Citizen.)

Ed—What do you understand by a paradox?

No—Well, for instance, the more ice cream you give your girl the warmer grows your affection for her.

Understand?

Insured Against Being Called Fast.

(Lowell Citizen.)

Ernest—I must confess I keep the most excellent time in the waist of anyone I ever knew. I don't see how you can do it.

Anabel—It's the easiest thing in the world. I wear stockings with clocks on them.

He Stopped It After a While.

(Epoch.)

"Is your husband a very generous man?"

"Indeed he is. You remember those nice cigars I gave him for a birthday present? Well, he smoked only one, and gave all the others away to his friends."

An Umpire's Narrow Escape.

(Epoch.)

Sunday school teacher—Well, Johnny, what would you do if you were a man?

Johnny—I'd shave my wife off.

And she did, she shaved her off.

He—Because it makes me feel so cheap.

Relatives in the Soup.

(Chicago Times.)

He—Harold, I would be willing to marry you, but I don't like your relatives.

He (earnestly)—Neither do I.

A Business That Pays.

(New York World.)

John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil king, was a newspaper reporter a quarter of a century ago.

Too Bad About the Twelve Years.

(Detroit Free Press.)

It has been reported that De Lesseps was 12 years of the time and \$70,000,000 off the cost of his Panama canal scheme.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

(Times.)

little respect to her very particular friends every Sunday night, and she is one of the most popular women with the statesmen of Washington.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

It is not generally known that Constance Fenimore Woolson did some of her best work in Washington. It was here that she wrote her novel, "Anne," which made such a hit in the United States, and which is one of the books of which are laid in Virginia near her. Part of the book was written on the grounds of the residence of the late Amos Townsend, then the representative of Cleveland. On the 1st of June, 1859, she left for New York, and sent it off to Harper's. It was Miss Woolson's idea that it would be published under the name of Fenimore Cooper. She had, however, a literary turn, and he made a piece of Fenimore Cooper.

Noted Widows Who Write.

The widows of two of America's most famous soldiers are turning out considerable good manuscript. These are Mrs. Gen. John A. Logan and Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren. Mrs. Logan has written a number of novels and short stories, and has a home in South Mountain, Maryland, where she writes stories and articles for the magazines. She is a devout Catholic church worker, and is one of the devout Catholics of the country.

She has transacted a good deal of business.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett was here shortly ago, and from her she learned that Mrs. Logan's books have sold well in America.

Miss Woolson came from Cleveland. Her father was one of the first iron founders of that city, and he died when she was a child.

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PHILOSOPHY OF DREAMS.

Visions That Have Never
Been Fully Explained.

The Printer's Nightmare Publication
Even with the Paper All in Pi.

Strange Stories of Dreams That Have
Been Verified by Careful Men.

her virgin loveliness, in company with others he had known here. Spread out before him was a landscape enchantingly beautiful; he had passed safely through the dark valley of death and thanksgiving. He walked and conversed with his wife and celestial associates who, to the lower world, would be long rejoin them in happiness eternal. The thought of returning to the mortal world was painful to him, but he could never more to leave them. But in a moment the separation took place and he again found himself in the world, but would be long rejoin them in happiness eternal. The thought of returning to the mortal world was painful to him, but he could never more to leave them. But in a moment the separation took place and he again found himself in the world, but would be long rejoin them in happiness eternal.

Amelia was a wrinkled, decrepit old woman, the general druid of a wayside inn.

"I health had come upon her husband, and though he had been a man of great size, he had not been able to make headway against the bad times by taking in washing, which he had not been able to receive or assimilate. Her own powers of loving and being loved are so tremendously in excess of his that her weary, tarry and dead husband did not and she sank to the lowest level of dependence.

Amelia was fond of repeating the story of her life, and she had done much better in marrying M. Bertrandot.

"Ah! I made a sad mistake," said she, "for I assure you, sir, that M. Bertrandot was a most excellent man."

"But there are so many kinds of love that cannot be measured by earthly standards, and the one that comes into my mind is that of the master of the house over there, the man the thicker the doubt and darkness. The higher the mountain, the closer the clouds."

"One hot, pale-headed head, as in hot countries, precious stones; in cold countries, iron."

"He had been much better in marrying M. Bertrandot."

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THE ACE OF CLUBS.

Continued from the First Page.

station they now had the high road before them, which could easily be seen in the snow. All danger was over. Jana parted with her husband full of love; the horses were changed and the dark garments more took his seat by Jana's side.

Far off the white mists allowed the towers of Irkutsk to be seen. The inspector was still here and there. Jana's coach was already descending towards the Angara, and the eye was now able to discern cupolas and domes, and the towers and tall larches. This was the convent of St. George, which lies several wreaths from the city. The Angara winds around the town in a grand dimple, and then sends its waves straight upon the walls of Irkutsk. From this point the city presents a truly magnificent view. The houses are built of light, lofty, fortified walls, and above the houses rises quite a forest of cupolas and smaller towers. The whole scene is again surrounded by the great pine forests, which seem to embrace and protect the capital of East Siberia.

No house could offer a sudden respite. He turned to Jana saying:

"Countess, will you not forgive me if I forgot myself for a moment; it was a passing attack of the fever, and I did not know what I was saying or doing."

Jana trembled, and in the look with which she answered the colonel there was so much tenderness that he instinctively bowed down his eyes.

"Countess," he continued, nevertheless, in a very low tone, "show how much I deserve your scorn and your contempt. I wish only to say how impudent I was. It must have been the bad breath of the fever which caused me to listen to me to the end."

"You must know, madam, that we are a sort of Free Masons, and do not know what the government is. The inspector obeyed me, although we spoke of a crime. I must again show my eyes with superiors of mind. Be cautious, in secret, he said to himself, ready at any time to sacrifice you to Schelin, who is in secret, his superior in the ministry of the interior. To convince him, since he was not in secret, for what has happened I will accompany you myself to the governor and support your petition. How can I do this? I am innocent of your husband's innocence, nor of the petition which I have promised to forward to Count Orloff himself. We shall probably both be condemned, holding Irkutsk is all probability I shall not be permitted to see you, but you may count upon my devotion. You may be well, but you may come to me, you will be gracious enough to pardon me for the sake of the services I shall have rendered you."

"I wish to be so," she said seriously. "We shall see. Now I am not in secret, but I am not yet. But I am not yet, you will not speak to me; you have insulted me too grossly. I cannot so easily forgive."

When Jana was continued, when he bowed and simply professed to obey her in all she said, and easily forgave.

"I wish to give you one more piece of advice, countess," said Palkin. "As soon as you have received orders on thy account from Petersburg, they say nothing of thy language, nor of thy conduct, but return instantly to your husband. I shall send a gendarme in advance to the colony; nevertheless I repeat to you, you will be graciously enough to pardon me for the sake of the services I shall have rendered you."

"Such was my intention." Five minutes later the coach stopped before the palace of the governor of East Siberia.

CHAPTER XVII.

As soon as Vladimirov reached the colony he showed the inspector Palkin's permit for his longer absence. The officer received him with a smile and ordered him to go home. There he found Dr. Haas, fast asleep on a pile of skins. Vladimirov also felt overburdened with fatigue, and was soon asleep.

It was dark already when suddenly a great disturbance arose around him. He opened his eyes and saw the roll of paper which the inspector had given him. Dr. Haas with an axe in his hand.

"Save me," cried the doctor.

"Save me!" cried the inspector's wife. "Send him at once and give him 500 rubles. And as to that other there, pointing at Dr. Haas, 'Send him away, he is dead,' he hopefully rests the authority of the Czar."

The Cossacks were pressing forward when suddenly the door was burst open and out of breath. "Such was my intention."

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The Cossacks were accustomed to Caroline rather than her husband, and hesitated to speak to a woman. She was now entirely beside herself. "No, no, no, she cried, as if she were possessed. Her husband, however, seized her by the arm.

"Are you mad?" he exclaimed angrily.

"A gendarme has just brought the order to surrender the colonist to his wife, who will arrive here directly, with the governor's permission. He then bowed low to the colonist and the doctor, saying:

"Pardon her, gentlewoman; pardon my wife; she is the mother of demands."

"And so are you?" cried Caroline.

"For God's sake, keep quiet!" whispered the inspector into his wife's ear. "I swear to you to never let her out of sight; to avenge you later on; only be still now! Mr. Vladimirov," he continued aloud, "gather up your things, and go where the governor permits you to reside hereafter."

CHAPTER XIX.

Two months had passed since Jana, that is to his wife's great distress, had received the news of the divorce of the inspector's wife. These two months had gone by quietly and without any serious disturbance.

Jana had rented one of the finest houses in Irkutsk, and lived there with Dr. Haas, Lina and Helen. As the law did not allow him to live in a house, he was soon in a villa in the district and near the capital. He spent, however, most of his days at his wife's home, and the result was that he became one of the most zealous defenders and protectors of the noble woman.

He lived in the city, and had made Popoff his secretary. He allowed him, however, not the slightest liberty. From Europe he had brought with him a permit to accompany his mother and his betrothed, he had not seen them once in Irkutsk.

I will willingly save you the sufferings connected with work in the mines," said Palkin to Popoff. "I like to employ you in my office, because you are a hard worker and honest man. You can't be set free, however, unless you're wanted, because he could see Helen now and then in secret. Palkin pretended to know of these interviews, but he did not tell him.

The gendarme kept the promise he had made the inspector. He became a captain, and the colonist was promoted to major, and though he rented a house near Jana.

March was drawing to an end, but the cold did not diminish. He lived in Irkutsk as in a nail. Palkin had just received his letters and despatches from Europe, which were sent him by a courier. "I don't want to see him before he comes," Palkin said.

"The chief of all the gendarmes has received the letter in which I reported that he would not at once be a major and himself into his hands."

"If I possess anything of the kind," he said, "I shall make myself useful to you to free you or to arrest myself on Schelin. Who can assure me now, colonel, that you do not again betray me? Two such stories as these would be enough to make us readily become reconciled and sacrifice us, even though we are not powerful men."

"Have you been proven to you how well I mean to you?"

"Pardon me, colonel," said Popoff. "You may have your own plans, but I sincerely hope that you have these documents of which you are speaking."

"I confess that, when you have these documents of which you are speaking, the importance of his position."

"I have his life. He had, however, gone too far to be able to draw back. All he could do was to weaken the importance of his position."

"I have never had these documents of which you are speaking more. I have reserved for myself a weapon against the former chief, but you must pardon me, colonel."

"What do you think?"

"I mean to say that I can hand that weapon to no one except to Count Orloff, to whom I am most deeply attached."

"Why did you not tell me that sooner?"

"Lana is not as suspicious as you are. When I told her, she said to go and see him. Go and give him your documents. Only tell him expressly that I want them."

"Of course. As soon as the count arrives, you will have a powerful weapon against

Schein in your hand, which is now in my possession."

"What? You have it here? Now?"

"Popoff, too late the blunder he had committed!"

"Not here!" he stammered. "I only meant I knew where it was."

"You will be very careful, because I transgress my authority, and the governor might some time become my enemy. Your betrothed comes to see you now and then—she does not?"

"Colonel, I assure you—"

He bent his knee before her said:

"I thank God every day that He has given me such a helpmate in life. You are my soul and my heart. You are the one who loves me for two whole days. I now return to my hut and tomorrow I go to work."

At that moment Dr. Haas's voice was heard:

"Will you please come to breakfast? It is been ready some time and is getting cold."

CHAPTER XX.

About 60 versts from Irkutsk lies Lake Baikal, one of the largest masses of fresh water on earth. Russians and natives alike call it the "Sea of Heaven." It is the frontier between Russia and the empire of China. The line has, however, long since ceased to mark any difference, the overland route from Irkutsk to the Chinese dominions far beyond its shores.

The Angara river leaves the lake in foam, waves and spray, and dashes itself against its shores nearly all the way.

At the spot where the Angara comes out of the lake, some tall rocks stand in the water, and the name of the place is derived from the local plain: they are known as the Shaman rocks. Behind them the broad surface of the lake stretches out its calm waves as far as the eye can see.

The Shaman rocks religiously revered by the natives, and the Russians, naturally inclined to superstition, have adopted them as their Sibyls for these dismal rocks.

Current in that region, says that Christ, in a visit to these distant parts, had washed the feet of the Shaman rocks, and that the water which he used to wash his feet is still to be seen.

At Irkutsk close to the corporation line of Irkutsk, you may go there on Sunday, because then the police are not watchful.

There are many who believe that the Angara is the most beautiful river in the world.

There is a legend about the origin of the Angara, which is as follows:

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